



"Mankind is receiving merited punishment for its separation from God and His law, and consequently by sorrow and penitence should return again to the path of virtue . . . Men who share the sorrows and anxiety of all, deem it opportune to appeal once more to you, as we have done repeatedly in the past (for a peace) based not on arms, might, or hate, but on right, faith, justice and brotherly charity."—POPE PIUS XII, in an Encyclical Letter broadcast by Vatican radio in English and German.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*



One hears a good deal of adverse comment these days concerning an overestimate of our military requirements—a condition which is just becoming apparent, and which may conceivably upset the labor mkt temporarily in some localities (see **QUOTE** *prophecies. . .*)

This criticism is quite unjust and betrays a basic ignorance of the business of making war. Obviously, it is the responsibility of our Army and Navy, in periods of peril, to be bountifully prepared for offensive action. Those in command of our military forces had a mandate from the people to bring this war to a decisive conclusion at the earliest moment possible. They could not conceivably know, at war's outset, what materiel would be req'd to accomplish this result.

Several conditions have conspired to develop what may presently prove to be a glut of military wares. Three of the more important: (a) Vital industries were deliberately overbuilt to allow a safety margin for destruction by accident or sabotage. Happily, we have seen very little of that; (b) Industrial production has been far more efficient than our most sanguine hopes. Numerous shortcuts have been developed, which could not be foreseen; (c) The sub menace has been curbed. Munitions and supplies are being delivered at fighting fronts, instead of resting on bottom of the sea.

Probably it is true that, taken as a whole, our militarists have tended to overestimate their needs. But that is the sort of sin America will not find it difficult to forgive!

# WORLD WEEK

## *Quote* prophecies . . .

**UNEMPLOYMENT:** It may seem strange to forecast unemployment in face of current tight labor mkt. However, moves now apparent to reduce all-out production for war, may result in temporary unemployment in certain industrial areas for a brief period shortly after the first of the yr. It now seems, regardless of war's duration, that production peak was reached in current quarter.

**SECOND-FRONT:** Despite all the talk, we continue to believe that a Channel invasion from England is improbable before late March-early April.

Last wk we tried, without violating a confidence, to prepare you for the impending conference of world leaders. We had learned definitely, some days before, that Mr Roosevelt had left Washington, and it seemed certain that the meeting was in the making, if not already in progress.

Our forecast that the announcement would come suddenly, and without preliminary buildup, would have been nearer the mark had not the Reuters agency apparently made a premature release. By the time you read this, very likely the conference with Stalin, at Teheran, shall have been completed. Barring another leak, however, full announcement of conference conclusions is not to be expected until the various leaders have ret'd to their respective capitols. Our original suggestion that the statement may be timed to coincide with the 2nd anniversary of our entry into the war may yet prove correct.

If the conference on European problems follows the pattern of the Cairo meeting, with an expressed intent to strip Germany of her gains to a degree comparable to the Japanese program, the effect upon Nazis should be electrical. Such a solidified statement of purpose should doom any lingering hope for a negotiated peace that would leave Germany in a position of potential menace. It may well be the signal for a new reign of tyranny and terror in the occupied countries, cul-

minating, perhaps, in a final desperate effort to stop or minimize the crushing power of Allied forces. Such would be a typical Nazi reaction to an obviously hopeless situation.

**BERLIN:** If weather conditions continue moderately favorable, the long-argued academic question of who is going to get to Berlin first, may be settled from the air—there won't be any Berlin left to get to!

**PACIFIC:** It does not require a great deal of prophetic vision to conclude that the Japanese are soon due for some rather substantial evidence of our growing power. The presence of top-flight commanders at the Cairo conference, plus the fact that good fighting weather now prevails in China, Burma and India, is an indication of early action.

While there's a hint of some early and concerted blows at the heart of Japanese mainland, it is unrealistic to ignore the present dramatic set-up in outlying regions. Japan has set her do-or-die troops on literally hundreds of islands, forming rings of defense for Philippines, Indies, etc. Around these rings, we have gathered greatest naval concentration in history, backed by hundreds of thousands of troops. The bloodiest campaign of the Pacific—of which the gory Gilbert scrimmage is but an overture—is ready to start at the sound of a gong.

That may be it now!

# Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"I have trouble about Ilka's book, because it's so sexy and risqué in spots. But after all, Rabelais must have had a mother, and think how she must have felt when she read his stuff—if she did. Anyway, it makes me feel better."—EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE, editor of *Vogue*, commenting on her daughter's newly-published novel, *In Bed We Cry*.

"The characters seldom leave their beds, except to talk about them."—MAXINE GARRISON, reviewing aforesaid Chase opus in *Pittsburgh Press*.

"A time is coming when we may have to go back to the old 'bow-and-arrow' economy to sustain life, if our industrial system breaks down."—DR JOHN J GREBE, director physical research, Dow Chemical Co.

"Every ton of bombs dropped on German industries will save the lives of ten United Nations soldiers in the near future when the invasion comes."—SIR ARTHUR T HARRIS, British air minister.

"The women will elect the next President, and it takes one woman to understand another woman."—GRACE A GRAY (only woman who ever sought nomination as mayor of Chicago) predicting ELEANOR ROOSEVELT as Democratic party's candidate for President in '44.

"In Naval service, you see gulls, not gals."—Naval ensign registering his satisfaction in being home on furlough.

"May we  
Quote  
you on that?"

"A piece of land means peace of mind."—JOS P DAY, N Y realtor.

"Sure, we'll take you into Tokio with us!"—CHIANG KAI-SHEK, to Pres Roosevelt's son-in-law, JOHN BOETTIGER at the Cairo conference. Now doing AMG work in Italy, Boettiger expressed a desire to do similar work in the Far East.

"We don't know the latest ones; we've been overseas too long."—Leader of an American orchestra in Cairo, when asked by Harry Hopkins to play the hit tune, *Pistol-Packin' Mama*.

"We are working on a wartime measure to prohibit the sale and consumption of liquor. We hope to get a prohibition law passed now and carry this over after the war. The current confused situation is helpful to our efforts."—EDW PAGE GASTON, founder, World Prohibition Federation.

"It would be a satanical paradox if there were no retribution for the harm done German cities."—DR PAUL JOS GOEBBELS, speaking at a Hitler Youth benefit in Berlin.

"I don't know what I'm worth, but I'll be running the plant within a wk."—MRS JAS LONGSTREET, widow of the Confederate gen'l, applying for a job at a Ga bomber plant. Asked her age, she replied: "Centuries old in experience, and between 17 and 18 in mind and body." The agile veteran recently completed a course in riveting.

"Never since American fighting men began writing heroism into the nation's records have so many men died so quickly in such a small area as died in the 60-hour battle which broke the back of Japanese resistance on Tarawa."—RICHARD W JOHNSTON, UP correspondent, with U S Marine forces.

"Morgenthau Establishes Jewish Bank to Plunder World!"—Front-page headline in Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter*, Nov 28. (Reduced in size, the paper relegated news of bombing raids to the 3rd of its 4 tabloid pages.)

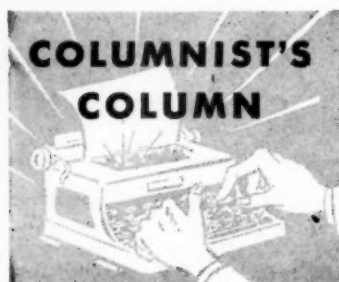
"Some of the merchant vessels in this war are better armed than some of the fighting ships of the last war."—Rear Adm W H P BLANDY, chief of navy ordnance, in statement revealing that navy's new secret weapons "will rank as high or higher than the German radio-controlled bomb and acoustic-homing torpedo."

"This is a talking war. Too many gen'ls talk too much."—Gen JOHN J PERSHING.

**Quote**

is issued weekly by QUOTE SERVICE, Maxwell Droke, Publisher. Business and Editorial Offices Droke House, 1014 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana. Subscription rates \$5.00 per year in advance, in the United States and Possessions. Two years, \$8.00. Your own and a Gift subscription, \$8.00. Foreign \$7.00 per year. Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office at Indianapolis, Indiana, under Act of March 3, 1879: QUOTE uses no original manuscripts, and does not accept advertising. Speakers, writers and editors using material from QUOTE should credit original sources. Unidentified items may be credited to QUOTE. This is Vol. 6, No. 23





## Subsidies

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

As this item is prepared for publication, the House has passed a bill outlawing subsidies, as of Jan 1, '44. It is assumed that the Senate will support the measure, and that the bill will be vetoed by Pres Roosevelt. The question, then, is whether Congress can rally a 2/3 majority to override the veto.—Ed, QUOTE.

I want to say a little more about subsidies, because I firmly believe that the average housewife in this country has never quite understood what removing subsidies is going to mean in her daily shopping.

For a great many people the cost of living is measured by the cost of food. When people are making a general study, they take all kinds of items into consideration. If food goes up, people with small incomes are going to be conscious of the increases in their cost of living. Here goes for some figures on items many of us buy daily.

If the subsidy program is destroyed in Jan:

Pork chops will go up 4 1/2c, from 38c to 42 1/2c.

Chuck roast will go up 3 1/2c, from 29c to 32 1/2c.

Hamburger will go up 4c, 28 1/2c to 32 1/2c.

Butter will go up 10c a lb.

Cheese will go up 8c per lb.

Milk will go 1c per qt.

Bread will go up 1c a loaf.

Many canned vegetables will go up.

This is only a beginning. This will boost your food cost 7%. So wages will have to go up, and the inflation spiral will be well on its way.

I lived thru the last war and the cost of living doubled. It happened once and it can happen again. Look at China today, and remember Germany after the last war. Abridged from syndicated feature, *My Day*.

## Lines o' Type

In Chicago, The Linebook, containing choice bits of verse and prose from the "Line o' Type or Two" col of Chicago Tribune, is a yearly event. This yr's edition (the 20th annual publication) was sold out in a wk. Here are a few excerpts:

"What most exasperates me" said the minister, "is to find a mistake in my dinner check. You know what the Bible says about being stung by an adder."—CAROLUS.

" "

An American soldier in a Japanese prison camp sent this letter home:

"We get the best food I've ever eaten. The camp guards are exceptionally decent, intelligent and solicitous. I want you to tell this to all my friends. Tell them how well I am being treated. Tell this to the boys I soldiered with. Tell it to those working in defense plants. Tell it to the boys in the navy and coast guard. And above all, tell it to the marines."—CHET SWITAL.

" "

With girls painting stocking on their legs, we're beginning to wonder what they'll hang up for Christmas.—HIC.

" "

When travel bureaus again announce cruises to the shell-blasted islands of So Seas, they will have to omit the descriptive phrase, "Lands untouched by civilization."—G M PATISON.

" "

Sherman said, "War is hell"—and he wasn't even a civilian!—THE COUNT OF CLASTICONO.

## ALIBI—Perfect

An Atlanta applicant for a renewal of his gasoline ration did not have the req'd tire inspection record; gave this explanation:

"My Uncle Geo died last wk. My aunt asked if she could have my everyday suit to bury him in. So I told her sure, why not? Anyhow, she buried him in my suit—and my tire inspection record was in the pocket."

The applicant got his renewal, because, as Luther Stephens, of the county rationing board observed, "Nobody could have invented that one!"—AP dispatch.



## IT'S AN IDEA!

If you have no money you cannot buy that beautiful new car. But if you, and all your fellow citizens, want to buy a beautiful new river development project, or a beautiful new war, there is nothing to stop you from doing so. What you can "afford" moves into an entirely new dimension.

You can buy your war and its costly equipment right up to the limit of the nation's manpower, machine hrs and materials.

Except for fears and financial traditions, the same formula can be followed in peacetime.—STUART CHASE, *Where's the Money Coming From?* (20th Century Fund).

## AVIATION—Future

Slightly more than 5,000 fields will be needed, it is estimated, to bring every point in U S within 15 mi of an airport.

## CHRISTMAS

"Good Christmas!" said the big brown dragoman who stands in front of Shepheard's hotel, in Cairo, "Want to see the bazaars today?"

Because it was Christmas Eve, and I was lonely, I said to him: "Come, let's take a gharry and have a ride."

We climbed into the gharry, a rickety one-hoss shay. It was coming on dusk, some stars were already shining.

"Which of those," I asked "do you suppose is the Star of Bethlehem?"

"Bethlehem?" he said, "I was born in Bethlehem."

"In a manger?" I asked.

"Manger?" he repeated. "What is a manger?"—CHESTER MORRISON, *Coronet*.

## DEMOCRACY

No democracy can endure if its citizens become too dependent upon their govt for the common necessities of life.—ERNEST R PALEN, D D.



"... the only way it will go on"

In *The Valley of Decision* (Scribner, \$3) Marcia Davenport has written a saga of the Scotts, and their Pittsburgh steel mill—from William, and 1873 to Claire, and Pearl Harbor. We present this excerpt honoring the book's 12th successive month on best-seller lists.

We find Claire, torn from Anton and her war work in oppressed Prague, back home in Pittsburgh—to have the baby she did not want to bring into this new dark age. It is June, '41. Clothes are packed for the hospital. And Claire has asked her cousin, Ted, to take her for a breath of air:

"Where do you want to go?" Ted asked.

"I want to look at mills and blast furnaces and ovens and Bessemer's and smoke and fire and steel and iron the whole damn way." She was horrified to find her voice choked.

"Still the romantic child," he said, putting the car in gear.

"Oh, no. I just love this place so. I just think it's so tremendous and glorious. If it weren't for something like this to give us courage we'd have to go down under the rock-crusher, too."

"Why should anybody go and get so dramatic about a lot of smokestacks? Sure, it's a spectacle, but so was the World's Fair."

"Ted," she put her hand on his arm. "Ted. This city and all it means is the last hope of civilization. You may not believe me now, but you will. This thing we're going thru is the supreme convulsion of the mechanical age. Nothing will win for us except more machines and greater machines than anybody else can possibly produce. Don't you believe we've got to win this thing, Ted?"

"Well—" he sat watching a traffic light. "I'm not too convinced this is America's fight."

Jesus, she thought to herself. There it is. It isn't possible. It can't be true, that they don't see and won't see and don't care and

won't care. Yugoslavia last wk Greece next wk. Hungary and Bulgaria down the drain. The whole continent of Europe. Hunks of Africa, chunks of Asia. Rotting and dropping and crumbling before them, and they don't see. South America lousy with spies and agents and traitors. The United States—

She talked for a long time, all the way around the blazing, belching periphery of Pittsburgh, filling her eyes with the only good sight in the world now. "Try to think of it the way I do. Think what it has always been. Ted, do you realize what our mill has been in the history of *Liberty*?"

He was silent still, but with a different silence.

"Do you ever think of its record?" Claire went on. "Scott's in the Civil War. Scott's in the Spanish War. Think of Uncle Paul—your own father—making Admiral Dewey's shells. Doesn't it make you proud, Ted? Scott's in the last war. With everything we had. Blood and men and money and time and brains and hearts and—and—everything. It's got to be that way now, Ted. That's our part now, not only us with our funny little mill, but every place we've seen tonight. That's what built this world where people lived in freedom and dignity—and that's the only way it will go on. Oh—Ted, come on in and give it all you've got!"

## EXPENSE ACCOUNTS

Once after covering a rebellion in Cuba, during which machine-gun bullets splattered thru his hotel window, Bob Casey ret'd to find bookkeepers in a dither. They wanted an itemized statement for the money they had advanced. Mr. Casey complied with this historic memo:

"I went to Cuba, stayed three and a half mo's covering three revolu-

tions. I spent \$3,286.22.. I wish to God I knew where.

Yours truly,

Rob't J Casey."

The dazed comptroller took the highly unorthodox expense acct to Col Frank Knox, head of the Chicago News Syndicate. The Col okayed it with the comment, "Of course he doesn't know where he spent it; they were shooting at him most of the time."—STERLING NORTH, *N Y Post*.



She Knows What it Means to be a Soldier's Wife (An interview with BEATRICE AYER PATTON, wife of Lt-Gen GEO S PATTON, Jr) ELEANOR EARLY, *True Confessions*, 12-'44.

(This interview was, of course, given to Miss Early by Mrs Patton some time before the "slapping incident" was publicised by DREW PEARSON in a radio broadcast, 11-21-'43. We reprint excerpts for their collateral interest.—Ed, QUOTE.)

I went to the old New England farm where Mrs. Patton is living with Ruth Ellen, a married daughter, and Ruth Ellen's two small children. While I was there, a pkg arrived from the gen'l ("Old Blood 'n Guts"). It was a Nazi flag and a rose satin bedspread, embroidered with white doves and bright posies. Mrs Patton read aloud from the gen'l's letter: "The flag is for the kids. The spread won 1st prize at a contest in Palermo 50 yrs ago. I thought it might be pretty on the piano. Love—Georgie."

Mrs. Patton laughed. "He has the name and fame of being the toughest, most hard-boiled gen'l in the U S Army" she said. "And he sends me his love with a bedspread! The gen'l makes lots of noise" she added, "but he's quite sweet, really."

Mrs. Patton has been an Army wife 33 yrs. "I've learned to take it" she told me "but it took me a long time. During the last war I made rather a mess of things—going to pieces when I heard that my husband had been killed. But I muddled thru. . . .

"My husband says that any man who says he is not afraid in the face of fire is either a liar or an idiot. But that he is a coward only if he lets his fear get the better of him. I think that being brave is always like that. Most of us get scared. It's acting scared that's cowardly."

## News of the New

**ARMY:** War dep't announces new technique for getting tanks up to battle line. Huge tank transports, 58' long are now used to move armored vehicles to front, remove disabled ones. Advantage: tank goes into battle with full gas allotment, cool motor.

New identification (or "dog") tags worn by our Army personnel will omit name of next-of-kin and emergency address. German short-wave broadcasts to U S, based on tags found on battlefields, have been giving out false information on casualties to families of U S soldiers.

**ELECTRICITY:** Tomorrow's telegrams will be transmitted sans wires—beamed by light waves.

**HOME FURNISHINGS:** Post-war trend in kitchens, according to newest thought, will be away from cold, laboratory type, with ret'n to some fundamentals that made yesteryear kitchens comfortable and restful.

**INVENTION:** The "sea-going cow," an ingenious mechanical contrivance has lately been added to Army transports. 40 gal milk (or cream) pr hr may be produced by pouring butter, milk powder, water into a cylinder. Am't of butterfat determined by percentage of ingredients.

**MEDICINE:** Newer syphilis short-cut therapy has serious drawback in that it demands large dosage of arsenicals, which damage brain in about 1% of cases. Chief harm is to capillaries (tiny blood vessels) connecting endings of arteries and veins in brain. Chemical isolated from lemon peel may decrease fragility of capillaries; make rapid treatment safer, more effective.

**SURGERY:** 24 hrs is long enough to stay in bed after surgical operation. This revolutionary theory of Dr D J Leithauser expounded in current *Archives of Surgery* lists numerous advantages of getting up, moving about. He holds action minimizes complications reducing period req'd for recovery by 50%.

### Gawsh!

When La Luce wants a cigaret, she pulls from her bag a cham-ois case and from it a gold and bejewelled cigaret case, a present from husband Henry Luce, which he designed and had run up at Cartier's.

The case is a short history of Mrs. Luce, featuring the highlights of her career. There are blanks to be filled in later. In diamonds, rubies and sapphires there are figures representing her play, *The Women*. Her career in Washington is recorded by a replica of the Capitol dome in diamonds. The *Time & Life* bldg is there, and so is a little figure of Mahatma Ghandi, whom she once interviewed.—HARRIETT HUGHES CROWLEY, *Detroit Free-Press*.

### FOOD—Surplus

The truth is, there never were any surpluses. We had no more meat for civilians in '36, for example, than we have now. Supply is not our major difficulty; it's demand. For every 10 women who could afford lamb chops or a rib roast or a ham in '36, there are 60 or 70 now. Families that have never been able to afford a properly balanced diet of good food are eating better food. Many of us are getting more to eat; a few of us are getting less to eat.—CHESTER BOWLES, OPA director, "You Can Make or Break the Black Mkt", *Woman's Home Companion*, 12-'43.

### HOLIDAY—Spirit

It is well to go back to the original meaning of holiday—that is, "holy day", a day consecrated and set apart. This does not mean that a holiday is to lose its charm, its atmosphere of cheer. Rather, the recreational aspects are enhanced when any holiday is seen as a divine gift, to promote man's good thru his renewal.—"Holiday Spirit", *Good Business*, 12-'43.

### HUMAN NATURE

A realtor recently advertised a house in flowery terms. No sale. This rewrite job netted 10 prospects and sold the house: "Six tiny rooms, ratty decorations, leaky basement, muddy st; no bus; no furnace—\$5,000."

## Confidentially thru a Megaphone

A little book is being distributed surreptitiously within Republican circles by a faction opposed to the candidacy of Willkie. The title, *One Man—Wendell Willkie*. It paints the '40 nominee as the lackey of "vested interests", and brings up the oft-heard charge that his convention headquarters in the last campaign was "a room full of money". The book is credited to C Nelson Sparks, a former mayor of Akron, O. Sparks was mgr for Gannett in his '40 campaign seeking the nomination. Since Gannett is one of the faction now advancing candidacy of Gen MacArthur, insiders are putting the finger on him as sponsor of the vol.

Treasury officials are more than a little disturbed by a very substantial increase in War Bond conversions. Some attribute accelerated pace to seasonal desire for more Holiday spending money. Others fear it is more basic—pent-up resentment against pressure tactics in some organizations bent on setting new records in pay-roll deductions. Employees subscribe for bonds because they have to; redeem them at earliest possible date.

Theatre mgrs in industrial centers are about to rebel at tactics of factory personnel men who have been plaguing them for free passes to be turned to workers as reward for incentive programs. It's become petty racket. *Variety* quotes a Detroit movie man: "They see our shows on free paper, then go next door and buy drinks at 75c a copy." . . . Next 12 mo's will see at least 60% Hollywood film stars overseas entertaining our troops. . . Hollywood diplomats are having plenty hectic time staving off divorce proceedings of Jennifer Jones. La Jones, you know, plays lead in *Song of Bernadette*, to open Christmas wk. Front-page story of rift involving heroine of spiritual drama would be very ungood.

## IRONY—Racial

During the African campaign a dying German soldier was brought to a British hospital. He wanted the services of a chaplain. The only one available could not speak German; the soldier knew no English.

A dark-haired young orderly volunteered to interpret. When the session was completed, the chaplain thanked the orderly.

"I was glad to do it, sir," was the response. "I'm afraid I wasn't very good. My German is not real German; it's Yiddish."—Topic Talks, *The Link*, 12-'43.



"As v-p of the U S, I feel compelled to express my deep regret to Latin American allies in the war for the shocking slur that has been made against them."—HENRY A WALLACE, replying to charge by Sen HUGH A BUTLER, of Neb, that U S is spending an est \$6 billion south of the border in a series of "good neighbor" orgies, with S Americans playing Uncle Sam for a sucker.

In rebuttal, Sen BUTLER asserts: "Mr Wallace's apology should be made to hard-beset taxpayers of U S." To the assertion that his figures are "fantastic" the Sen added: "My advice to the v-p is to get an adding machine. . . obtain from each agency the record of sums wasted in S America, and add the figures. If he uses an old-fashioned adding machine—and not a New Deal kind—I am sure he will arrive at the figures I presented to the Senate."

## MARRIED LIFE

"I wear the pants at our house." "Yeah, but I notice that right after supper you wear an apron over them."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The marriage tie is supposed to include everything but her tongue.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

# American Scene

## Doctor's Day

By MAXINE GARRISON

So you think you're overworked? Just reflect on the work week schedule I coaxed from a doctor, and you may decide that, by comparison, you're taking a rest cure.

He leaves home a little before 9 each morning, and goes to the hospital. Sometimes he's through by 11, which gives him time for some outside calls before office hours. But often he is kept longer, and has to go straight to the office. Lunch is squeezed in somewhere. And "squeeze" is the word.

Office hours are from lunch time on, with a brief recess for dinner, and the average closing time is 10:30 at night. If he and the nurse get to leave at 9, they consider themselves very lucky.

He's been in practice 32 years now, and he insists on some time off during the week. Says he knows other doctors who don't even do that regularly, though.

He has no office hours on Sunday or Friday, and also takes Tuesday evening off. But on his off-days he usually comes into the office—"try to clean off my desk, write certificates, do all the little things that pile up."

It all adds up to a work week of about 60 hours, frequently more.

If you want to look at it that way, he says, you can call it a "boom time" for doctors—especially those who specialize in babies, as he does. Last year and this have brought "bumper crops" of young fry.

The rush is caused partly by the exodus of physicians to the Army, which leaves their work to be split up among remaining doctors.

If you're going to be technical, though, you have to subtract from that the number of men formerly on the list of civilian clientele but now patronizing Army doctors exclusively.

The doctor to whom I talked, however, believes that another factor is more important to the rush than the loss of doctors to the services.

"When money is scarce," he said, "people put off going to a doctor until they can't avoid it. They even put off badly needed service, not wanting to incur expenses they can't pay."

"But when they've plenty of money, as they do now, they go to the doctor on the slightest excuse. And many of them are making up for the neglect of years."

The bane of a physician's life, now more than ever, is the telephone. It rings constantly during consultation, unless he has it cut off. It rings all day and all night.

It rings at 6:30 in the morning, and the caller says, "I wanted to be sure and get hold of you before you left the house." Then the caller is apt to show himself upset that the doctor is not already up and doing, although said doctor may have worked until midnight the night before.

If patients called only in emergency or to make appointments, it would be different, the doctor says. But they consider the phone a shortcut for advice and prescriptions—it may be a shortcut to them but it's a headache for the physician—and some times they even try to diagnose their own cases over the phone, to save making a trip to the office.—*Pittsburgh Press*.

## SUPPORT—Divine

Taking a pencil, Lord Radstock held it upright on the table and asked, "Why does this pencil not fall?"

"Because you hold it," was the reply.

"Yes," said the Englishman,

"there is no power in the pencil itself, but a power outside of it holds it up. Just so, God does not call men in themselves to stand upright, but brings to them an external power — Himself." — J E HARRIS, "Can a Soldier be a Christian?" a pamphlet published by *Sunday School Times*.

# GEMS FROM Yesteryear

Voice of Type

FREDERIC W GOUDY

*It is said of FREDERIC W GOUDY that he is the 1st American artist to make a profession of type-designing. Now in his 78th yr, he has designed well over 100 fonts of type, including the widely-used Goudy Oldstyle, and the pleasingly unobtrusive Goudy Modern. Before his workshop (an old mill) burned, a few yrs ago, the designer performed personally, every detail of type-making from 1st design to final casting. He was born in Bloomington, Ill., now lives at Marlborough-on-Hudson, N Y.*

I am type! Of my earliest ancestry neither history nor relics remain. The wedge-shaped symbols impressed in plastic clay in the dim past by Babylonian builders fore-shadowed me. From them, down to the beautiful letters by the scribes of the Italian renaissance, I was in the making.

John Gutenberg was the first to cast me in metal. From his chance thought straying through an idle reverie—a dream most golden, the profound art of printing with movable types was born. Cold, rigid, implacable I may be, yet the first impress of my face brought the divine word to countless thousands. I bring into the light of day the precious stores of knowledge and wisdom long hidden in the grave of ignorance.

I coin for you the enchanting tale, the philosopher's moralizing and the poet's visions. I enable you to exchange the irksome hours that come, at times, to every one, for sweet and happy hours with books—golden urns filled with all the manna of the past. In books, I present a portion of the eternal mind caught in its progress through the world, stamped in an instant and preserved for eternity. Through me, Socrates and Plato, Chaucer and the bards become your faithful friends who ever surround and minister to you. I am the leaden army that conquers the world—

I am type!

# Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

## I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

IRENE DONELSON

Upon entering a village cafe in France, a German officer was greeted by the proprietor's parrot squawking, "Death to the Boches!" He jerked nervously, but dismissed the remark with a tolerant smile.

However, when the bird cried the same greeting the following day, and the day after, the officer was incited to rage. "If your parrot says that again tomorrow" he stormed, "you'll go to a concentration camp."

The proprietor, thoroughly alarmed, arranged an exchange of his loud-mouthed bird for one owned by the parish priest.

On his next call, the officer stopped directly in front of the cage. Silence. He paced back and forth eyeing the bird sharply. Finally he barked, "Come on! Come on! Say it. 'Death to the Boches! Death to the Boches!'"

In a suave and condescending voice the parrot replied, "May God hear you, my child!"  
—*Coronet*.

Hitler, trying to impress a wavering satellite dictator with the unquestioning obedience of the German people to him, called at random a worker from among those in the plant he was showing off.

"Take this pistol," Der Fuehrer ordered, "and shoot four of your fellow workers."

Four times the slide banged back on the automatic, and four loyal Hitlerites grovelled on the floor.

"You see!" Hitler beamed at his stupefied guest; and then, turning to the worker, "My good man, what is your name and where are you from?"

"My name," said the man, "is Aaron Levitski—from Warsaw."  
—*R & R Magazine*.

The officer of the day entered the guardhouse and found it empty except for a private who was lounging on a chair, smoking a pipe.

"Where's the sergeant of the guard?" inquired the OD angrily.

"Gone across to the noncom's club to have a beer, sir," replied the private.

"And the sentries?"

"At the PX, sir."

"Then, confound it, what are you doing here?"

"Me, sir? I'm the prisoner."—*Rangefinder*.

## WISECRACKS of the Week

Defeats in Russia are dangerously exhausting Berlin talent for explanation. According to reports, they've used up their supply until well into next spring.—*Montrealer*.

" "

A bank is an institution where you can borrow money—if you can present sufficient evidence you don't need it.—*Wesleyan Christian Advocate*.

" "

Why are congressmen called public servants? You never see servants that anxious to keep their jobs.—*ROBT QUILLEN*.

" "

Germany is learning truth of old axiom, "Experience is a harsh teacher"—especially when textbooks are made in Pittsburgh.

An earnest young soldier reports that he joined the army for three reasons: "First, I wanted to fight to defend my country. Second, I knew it would build me up physically. Third, they came and got me."  
—*The Link*.



